

STRUGGLES OF LIFE.

Dr. Talmage Says They Are Often
Angels of Blessing.

When the Day Breaketh the Futility of
Our Contentions, Like Jacob's
Wrestle with the Angel,
Can Be Seen.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage preached on the spiritual conflicts of life, in a late sermon at Brooklyn, taking his text from Genesis xxxii. 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.' And he said, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'" Following is the sermon:

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing flight, "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dejection and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vassili, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catharine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Clavenhouse; for Hugh McKail, the sea-ford; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer: "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the Bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot distillers have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said: "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone by the brook of Jabbok; and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all Heaven draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myriads of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle; and they have bitten their lip, and clenched their fists, and cried with a blood-red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears: "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habits I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit; but that habit rallied against its infernal power, and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit, hurried it into utter darkness. First, I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical instruments, and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams, and Christian households are silent with slumber, angel-watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; and the triumphant

wrestler broke the darkness with the cry: "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble homely, and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopylae, or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for shelter, with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings, coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say: 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say: 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under him in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm, Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To Father worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian life; it is the quails! It is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. Are we stoics, that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we

pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us. No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day-dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text: "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to Heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled; or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, in falling away from grace, or a liturgy or no liturgy; or they must be Calvinists, or Arminians, in order to reach Heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are non-essentials in religion.

During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was a sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopal church, and knelt at the altar, and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the hearts bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightensky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waves thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblest. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood; or the church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along; 1 o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 3 o'clock in the morning; the day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well; but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: Let me go—let me go! The day breaketh.

Forensic Fire.
"And now, gentlemen of the jury," shouted the young lawyer, running his long fingers through his flowing locks—"now, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, as men and as citizens of this great and glorious republic, if the spotless character of my client is to be permitted to suffer from the words uttered by that—by that—by that verminous appendix who sits in the witness box with perjury stamped all over him?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French, 3,000,000; of the Dutch, 660,000; of the Portuguese, 306,000; of the Spanish, 170,000; of the German, 99,000, and of the Danish, 75,000.

—In the ninth century most of the clothes worn in Europe were made in the monasteries, which kept large stocks of ready-made clothing.

THE PEOPLE'S INTERESTS.

How They Have Been Looked After by the Democrats.

All through the speeches on the tariff made by democrats in congress there is the pretense that democracy is animated by the single purpose of legislating in the interests of the "whole people," and not for a section. This is shallow demagogism, which, having been successfully employed before the national convention of 1892, is still used in the expectation that it will continue to delude the thoughtless and the ignorant.

It is a specious argument, and was more or less effective before the democrats put their theories into form, appealing to the country on the broad ground that protection was class legislation, and class legislation being repugnant to the American principle of government, the argument swayed the minds of men of intelligence, but, who, unfortunately for themselves, their party and their country had not given proper and close attention to this abuse question.

On general principles the people of the United States are opposed to class legislation, and a party which legislated in the interest of a class to the exclusion of the interests of the many, would deserve to be driven ignominiously from power.

It was claimed by tariff reformers of the Cleveland school that this was the republican policy, and when a promise was made that a change in the government would be followed by the enactment of laws "in the interest of the whole people," impressive, susceptible, sentimental and not well informed persons applauded, and said: "This is the broad, patriotic party for which the country has been waiting these many years. We will support it, for it legislates 'in the interest of the whole people.'"

So the democratic party was returned to power. It had control of the executive and legislative departments of the government. There was nothing to check its work of reform. It was as free as the wind.

The time has now come when it is being judged by its works, and what is

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

Record of the Rant About Republican Extravagance.

Who does not remember the braying of the democratic press about the "billion-dollar congress?" Of course all intelligent observers of events knew that it was primarily the manifestation of the intense hatred of the democrats to the soldier element, especially over the passage of the disability pension law by the Fifty-first congress; and, second, a pursuance of the well-known democratic policy of raising a parrot-ery to mislead the masses. For it has long been the policy of the democratic leaders to assume that the people are fools, and will believe an oft-repeated falsehood, and act upon that belief, sooner than take the trouble to ascertain the truth; and our political history records a number of instances in which they were successful thereby.

No partisan catch-phrase was ever worked to such an extent as the "billion-dollar congress." In point of fact, the appropriations made by the Fifty-first congress were below that figure, but the ignorant among the voters believed the lie, and took no trouble to ascertain the facts. The house of the Fifty-second congress was democratic, and one of its first acts was the adoption of a buncome resolution, introduced by that intolerable old humbug, Holman, which declared that "no money ought to be appropriated by congress from the public treasury except such as is manifestly necessary to carry on the several departments frugally, efficiently and honestly administered."

One might justly suppose that, after the howl concerning the "billion dollar congress," and the adoption of such a resolution, the democrats of the house would, if only for partisan advantage, cut down the appropriations below the figures of the preceding congress. The fact is, however, that the Fifty-second congress spent more than its predecessor. Here are the figures from the official footings of the clerk of the appropriations committee:

The Fifty-first, the "billion-dollar congress"—appropriated \$988,417,183.
The Fifty-second congress, demo-

IN MEMORY OF GRANT.

Luther Laffin Mills' Eloquent Tribute to the Great Soldier.

The second celebration to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant took place at Galena, Ill. The public schools were closed and the day in all respects was observed as a holiday. Business houses and private residences were decorated with the national colors, flags floated from public buildings, and many portraits of Grant were placed in the windows and framed in red, white and blue. The orator of the day was Luther Laffin Mills, the noted Chicago lawyer, who in his happiest vein paid eloquent tribute to the memory of the great soldier. The following are the more impressive portions of his speech:

"This day the country bows before the name and deeds of Grant, rendering the homage of the greatest of all the nations of time to one who, in its supreme period, did more than any other man to prevent the tragedy of its destruction by the triumphant coming of a just war, who, rising from the ordinary life of the American citizen—an unexpected, a surprise—became the incarnation of the nation's desperate defense, and for four long years swung his sword from the Mississippi river, until he had won the country's triumph and the salvation of the republic."

"In the temple of our history we bow before three supreme personalities, each a type of lofty life and labor—Washington, the father of our country; Lincoln, who in civic station guarded the nation in the perils of treason and proclaimed freedom to a race; Grant, the patriot, who led his countrymen to battle and in war crushed rebellion forever, and preserved the integrity of our institutions. He did his glorious duty. Together they stand—the illustrious American triumvirate. In the calendar of the nation for each there is a day of celebration and tributes and affection."

"And this day is Grant's. 'Hither we come, many from distant places, to this beautiful city which once claimed him for her own and gave him to the world and time, and in a splendid congregation think and speak of his valor, wisdom, and fidelity. Here are the aged who knew him, who saw yet in his eyes the light of his glorious duty. Together they stand—the illustrious American triumvirate. In the calendar of the nation for each there is a day of celebration and tributes and affection."

"The desperate strife is raging again, above it all the nation's flag is flying, and as of yore, they once again behold the form and features of their leader, 'severe, unflinching, and silent in the stillness of his conscious power, their old commander. Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic cheer and all hail to you! Your presence here is history in life; your faces shall be your inspiration; your voices shall speak a benediction for our people."

"Ulysses S. Grant was one of the greatest, in blood and ancestry a simple American. He had no prestige from the past, no title nor station in his lineage. Born in the state of Ohio seventy-two years ago this day, for him his youth was developed in that school of rugged training out of which have come our greatest men. It was a life of simplicity, of work, of the absence of luxuries, of few books well learned, of the influences of religion. Educated in the United States Military academy, from which he was graduated in the year 1843, he acquired a foundation of knowledge in the profession of arms upon which afterwards his wonderful abilities and characteristics erected military successes in comparison with which the campaigns and victories of generals in ancient or modern days appear diminished. He responded to the call of the country and fought in the battles of the Mexican war. That being concluded, he remained in the military service of the nation, for much of the time on the Pacific coast, until the year 1848, when he retired to civil life, beginning his career as a civilian in the city of St. Louis, and continuing it after May, 1849, in the city of Galena, and here were the beginnings of his marvelous career. Here, in the spring of 1849, opened for him, and was gladly entered, the opportunity of his life."

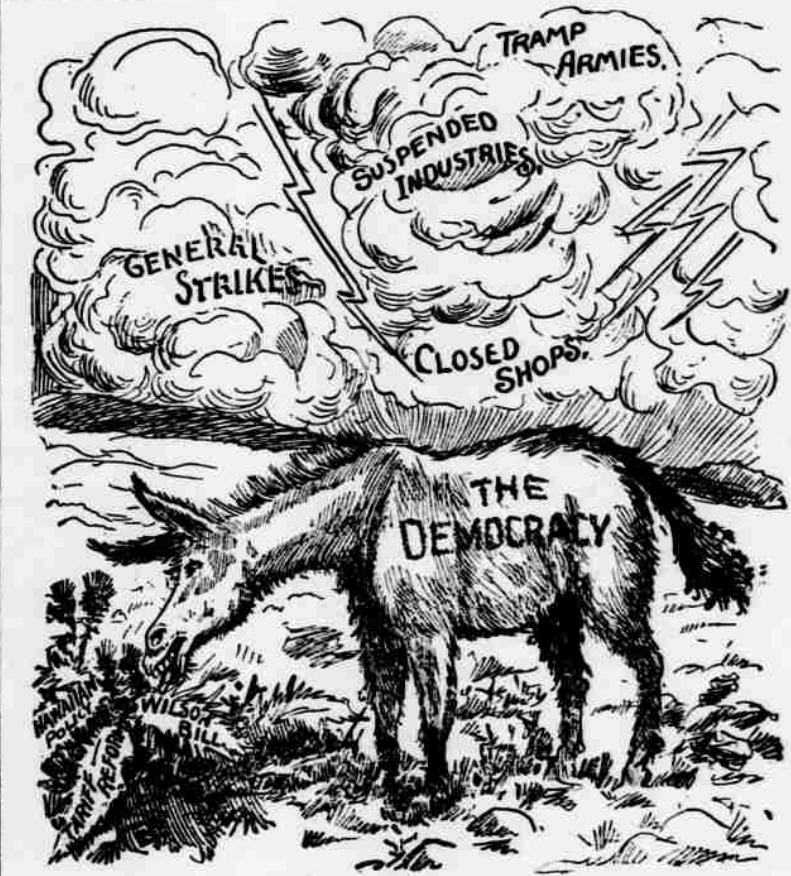
"Then began the life work of Ulysses S. Grant. Then, under God, he commenced his long career through campaigns, battles, vicissitudes, difficulties, immeasurable patient, persistent, silent; from 1861 to 1865; from the west to the east; from the Mississippi to Virginia; from Galena to Washington. His progress was not slow, yet it was sure. He was a colonel in June, a brigadier general in August. He fought at Belmont a brave battle in November, in February captured Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and within ten days thereafter wrote to the commander of Fort Donelson: 'No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.' And thereupon he received the surrender of fifteen thousand men with sixty-five cannon. Then he made a major attack on Corinth, and on the 13th of July, 1862, Grant captured Vicksburg on the basis of unconditional surrender, with thirty-two thousand prisoners, one hundred and sixty-two cannon and sixty thousand muskets, and opened the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico."

"What need is there to now review the mighty work and triumph of this silent soldier of the west, to paint again the glorious pictures of his valor and the courage of his men! In those dark days there was no gleam of the sword of Grant. At times when the northern heart, always true to the country, was weary with waiting and the atmosphere was murky with discouragement there would come the mighty reverberations of Grant's artillery arousing the nation. When the great general was the commander who believed that war was war, he fought for results and won them. He gave us victories. In 1864 made lieutenant general of the federal forces, he planned that wide and comprehensive strategy which embraced the operations of all the armies of the north, and great schemes. Fierce battles were fought, long sieges were made, with unrelenting persistence Grant's final campaign was pursued; and at the end of his four years' efforts, continuing since he began his service, the greatest war of modern times was ended, the greatest rebellion against a human government was crushed, the greatest of nations was saved."

"What caused so great a victory? What were the powerful elements that conspired to produce the result? The willing self-sacrifice of the northern people, their devotion to the idea of national unity, the magnificent courage of the soldiers in all the armies of the north, the civic leadership of Lincoln, and the statesman around him and the constant inspiration of his grand character, all the splendid generals who led the soldiers—Sherman, with brilliant strategy; and fiery courage and unflinching faith; Sheridan, the knight who knew no fear and whose presence made men brave; Thomas, pure as crystal in his method and strong as a rock in the solidness of his will and his grand companions in the war. And above them all as the soldier hero of the struggle, one man stands alone, beyond envy and rivalry, in the clear blue of the world's recognition, in the high lands of history a solitary, towering cliff—Ulysses S. Grant. These, under God, were the mighty influences that wrought the triumph."

Kate Flynn, whose early years were spent as a barnaid in Liverpool, came to this country and married a notorious burglar and bigamist, with whom she lived until he was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. She got a divorce and married a wealthy Cuban. She died a short time ago in New York, a widow, leaving \$5,000,000 to her children.

Chief Justice Brickell, of Alabama, has been chosen three times for that high office. He was first elected by the votes of his brother judges, then by the votes of the people, and now he has been appointed chief justice by the governor.



the country's judgment? The answer is found, not in the resolidification of the republican vote, but in the democratic revolt against sectionalism and the classism of the degenerate democracy. This revolt no longer is a thing of speculation. The attitude of men like Senator Hill, of New York, Senator Smith, of New Jersey, and Senator Brice, of Ohio, shows the manner in which the democracy of the north has revolted against the narrow, selfish sectionalism of the policy adopted by Grover Cleveland and enforced by southern representatives of the democracy.

There is nothing in that policy which speaks for the "whole people." Everything in it shows discrimination in favor of the south. It is an assertion of sectional selfishness that has no parallel in the history of the country for the last generation. In it there is no protection for northern interests, but there is protection for everything which the south desires to cultivate. The south is not a manufacturing country, while in the north and east manufactures flourish. Therefore, this democratic tariff bill discriminates against manufactures while giving protection to comparatively insignificant southern interests.

The people who were impressed by democratic pretensions of a desire to legislate for the "whole country," have had a rude awakening. They see at last that the south, as it was before the war, is the animating and dominating spirit, and see, moreover, that the party under such direction is intent on enforcing a purely selfish, narrow and sectional policy. It is "everything for the south; nothing for the rest of the country."

The discovery has come late in the day, but not too late, and this explains why there is such a tremendous revolt against the democratic party, as it is represented by Cleveland and the men of the south.—Albany Journal.

If the democratic leaders have patched up an agreement, as the latest reports indicate, to pass a tariff bill with an income tax annex, they need not mind about fixing a comparatively brief period, say of five or six years, for the latter part of the crazy quill to remain in effect. The people know a sure way to get rid of an income tax before that time.—Cleveland Leader.

cratic, appropriated \$1,027,104,547.

Here is an excess of almost \$39,000,000 as a starter. But the appropriations made were not enough, and already the present congress has had to pass five deficiency bills, carrying an aggregate of \$4,571,577; and the chairman of the appropriations committee declared recently that the total of appropriations which must be made to cover the deficiencies of the Fifty-second congress will reach \$14,000,000. This makes the amount spent by the Fifty-second congress almost \$53,000,000 more than was appropriated by the much-abused "billion-dollar congress." If there is any voter stupid enough to hereafter believe any democratic rant concerning republican "extravagance" and democratic "economy," he should at once array himself with the remainder of the fools and idiots of the country.—Toledo Blade.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The number of democrats who would be glad if they had not voted for Cleveland in 1892 is increasing every day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Watterson's prediction concerning the democratic party's march through the slaughter house into an open grave is in course of rapid fulfillment.—Toledo Blade.

Another crop of clover that has been something of a failure is the one the boys at a national convention a couple of years ago sang of with so much enthusiasm.—Chicago Journal.

"Hides are on the free list of the Wilson bill," and in almost every county where there has been an election lately the democratic hide is seen hanging on a back yard fence.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It would be a great aid to the democratic party if it could adopt republican principles as well as republican rules. There are, however, several things impossible with the corrupt old democratic party and this is chief of them.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Gresham appears to have been as poor a judge as he is politician. Since he became secretary of state eight of his decisions as a circuit judge have been reviewed by the supreme court of the United States and every one of them has been reversed. When his present tenure of office expires he will be retired to private life forever.—Toledo Blade.